



CONVENIENT.

D.D.: You physicians do not as a rule believe in Providence, do you?
M.D.: Oh, yes; that's how we account for the cases we lose.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"Jinks has a library of only four books, valued at half a million dollars."
"You don't say! What kind of books are they?"
"Bank books."

BOBBY'S LOGIC.

Bobby—Mamma, am I a lad?
Mamma—Yes, Bobby.
"And is my new papa my stepfather?"
"Yes."
"Then am I his step-ladder?"

NOT HIMSELF AT ALL.

Mrs Parkes: Your husband has been very ill, hasn't he?
Mrs Lane: I never saw him so ill. Why, for two weeks he never spoke a cross word to me.

GETTING ON.

"Yes, she's studying to be a trained nurse."
"Prospects bright, eh?"
"Glorious! She's so well trained already that she has made two invalid sons of rich old men fall in love with her."

NOT THE SAME.

Bramble: Scribbler is a literary man, is he not?
Thorne: Nothing of the sort. He writes historical novels.

BEYOND HIM.

Financier: Are you sure that you are an expert accountant?
Applicant: Well, you can judge for yourself. It took me only ten days to unravel my wife's expense account.

THERE MUST BE A SEQUEL.

She: Is there a sequel to that novel?
He: There must be, if it ends in a wedding between affinities!



WHERE WAS THE WORM?

Short-sighted Piscator: Dear me, I wonder whatever is the matter with the fish to-day. Four hours and not a nibble.

NOT NOWADAYS.

"Woman's work," says the frivolous damsel, with a toss of her head, "is never done."
"True," concedes the other part of the sketch. "True, now that she is attempting to do man's work in so many lines."



A NEIGHBOURLY OPINION.

Mrs Naggs: Blow me, but if I'd an incandescent nose like yours, blow me if I wouldn't switch myself off!

THE REGULATION PROPOSAL.

Daughter: "No, mamma, Harold has not proposed yet—that is, not in so many words."
Mother: "Merely me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know."

OLFACTORY EVIDENCE.

Mrs Jones: "Oliver Cromwell Jones, you have—"
Mr Jones: "My—dear—I—"
Mrs Jones: "Don't you dare deny it! You've been telling people what baby said again! I can smell it on your breath, even here!"

A QUERY.

Mrs Gadabout: "Oh, John, I'm so happy."
Mr Gadabout: "Is that so? Who's in trouble now?"

ON THE THAMES.

Mary (with letter): "She mentions Tom Sprague several times in this letter. Is there anything between them?"
Ethel: "There must be. I overheard her tell him he ought to shave every day."

COMPARISON.

"Remember," said the young man's father, "that when I was your age I earned my own living."
"Of course," was the depressing answer, "you did the best you could with your opportunities. But I'll venture to say you didn't get nearly as good a living as I get now without working."

TOO GREAT A STRAIN.

She: "Do you believe in long engagements?"
He: "No, I don't. I think no engagement should be prolonged more than six months."
She: "Oh, really! I believe in long engagements. What is your objection?"
He: "Well, I don't think it's fair on the man."
She (surprised): "Not fair?"
He: "No; the most passionate lover gets tired of living up to his fiancée's ideal for longer than that period."

ON THE STAGE.

Actor (in real life): "Say, Mary, I'm gone on you. Let's toddle off and get married. Is it a go?"
Actress: "Yes, Jake! Nothing shall separate us but bad debts or good engagements."

HIS OBEDIENCE.

Irate Mother (to naughty little son): "Freddie, you are a very naughty boy. How dare you tell your aunt she's stupid!"
Freddie: "Boo woo, so she is."
Irate Mother (smack, smack): "Don't you dare say that again! Go at once and tell her you are sorry."
Freddie (a few minutes later to Auntie): "Auntie (boo woo), I am so sorry you're stupid!"

MERELY INCIDENTAL.

Mrs Smith: And they've got the lovelyest ping-pong room—
Mrs Brown: Do you mean to say they have a room for ping-pong only?
Mrs Smith: Oh, of course, they eat there occasionally.

A GOOD COOK.

"She seems like a real pleasant cook."
"She is. She always says good morning, even if she doesn't get down until noon."

A QUALIFIED PROPOSAL.

Arabella's eyes wandered wistfully along the shore to the rocky promontory where the great lighthouse stood.
"How beautiful it is!" she said to Jim Lackpenny, who sat beside her. "Do you know, Jim, before I die I believe I'd like to keep a lighthouse somewhere. It must be a weird, wild life."
"Arabella," he responded, "it is a weird, wild life, but if it had ever occurred to me that that sort of thing was at all in your line I should long ago have begged you to become my wife and go to light housekeeping with me."
Silence and the lap of the waves.



The Heiress: You seem to have no objection to him, papa, except that he has no money.
Papa: No; and I'll even admit that he's trying hard to get some.

WHAT A WIDOW IS.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me the meaning of the word widow?" asked the teacher. "Well, Willie?" to an urchin who waved his hand vigorously.
"A widow," said Willie breathlessly, "is a man's wife that's lost her husband."

INCONSISTENT.

He: You are a cruel, heartless creature!
She: How absurd! A moment ago you said I had stolen your heart, and now you say I haven't any.

NOT TO BE BLUFFED.

Gerald: As it is to be a secret engagement it would not be wise for me to give you a ring at present.
Geraldine: Oh, but I could wear it on the wrong hand.

RATHER NEAT.

Bess: Wasn't that awful about Stella?
Nell: I haven't heard anything.
Bess: You haven't! Why, she eloped with a prize fighter.
Nell: Poor girl! She certainly must have been hard hit.



AN IMPORTANT PARTICULAR.

Lady (engaging servant): Is there anything else you would like to ask me, Janet?
Jane: Yes'm. Is yer face really that colour, or does yer powder it, mum? And if yer does, where d'yer get it, 'cos I should like to have some!

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Stella: I came near missing a proposal last night.
Bella: You did?
Stella: Yes. He got down on his knees, and I thought he was merely looking for a ping-pong ball.

THE WRONG SHOT.

Prison Visitor: "Am I right in presuming that it was your passion for strong drink that brought you here?"
Prisoner: "I don't think you can know this place, guv'nor. It's the last place on earth I'd come to if I was looking for anything to drink."

AN ALTERNATIVE.

Stump Orator (discussing on the faults of wives): "Can you tell me anything that will drive a man more to drink than a lazy, slovenly woman?"
A Voice from the Gallery: "Did ye ever try a salt herring, air?"

DAD KNEW A BIT.

Two young fellows were talking together the other day, and one of them said to the other, "Your dad takes a more liberal view of things than most fathers. He said that if you wanted to play at cards you could do so, but he liked you to play at home." "Liberal!" echoed the other, bitterly; "it's easy to see why. He gives me my allowance on the first of the month, and wins most of it back on the second!"

PART OF THE BLUFF.

"Why," she finally ventured to falter, "do you look so sad when we are sitting thus?"
"Because," he answered, gazing tenderly down into her troubled eyes, "a man always looks sad when he holds a lovely hand."
She was something reassured, although she did not altogether understand.

TRUE!

"Which do you think should be more highly esteemed, money or brains?"
"Brains," answered his friend. "But nowadays the only way a man can convince people that he has brains is to get money."

TU QUOQUE.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollarin'?"